345

The Praterstrasse with the Carltheater.

792
346

extensive library the art-lover is fascinated by the beautiful illuminated manuscripts and the family tree of the Babenberg rulers. The treasury contains the Austrian Ducal Coronet and rare goldbeaters' work of the Middle Ages.

361

The city itself climbs up to the heights of the Hermannskogel and the Kahlenberg, extending as far as Klosterneuburg, Mödling, Schwechat and even beyond the Lobau district. But it is hoped that this virgin zone of woods and fields will prevent the disappearance of many cherished villages, prevent the picturesque biedermeier gardens being swallowed up by tenement houses and ensure that the wonderful boating and bathing centre which Vienna possesses on the Old Danube does not lose even a foot of ground to industry and factories.

275

The historic little country parishes of Nussdorf and Heiligenstadt, Sievering, Grinzing and Liebhartstal, of Hietzing, Mauer and Perchtoldsdorf have grown together in a semi-rural region where nature, modern villas and ancient structures blend pleasingly. The "Heurige" wine-gardens of Kahlenberg, Neustift-am-Wald, Rodaun and Maria Enzersdorf hold within their little flowered courtyards that true Viennese "Gemütlichkeit" (easy-going cordiality) which loves life and the fleeting moment for its own sake. You clink glasses with your neighbour, drinking, in the joy of your heart, to the health of the stranger beside you, who himself feels the same about you. Many an

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On the Kahlenberg.

old vineyard tavern which is listed for protection under the Ancient Monuments Act evokes lively pictures of biedermeier days, when the suburbs were holiday resorts and Schubert, the eternally young, wandered the countryside with his friends. Bauernfeld, Beethoven and Grillparzer sought rest and relaxation here among the green fields. Here Waldmüller proved the power of his brush and Ferdinand von Saar, the poet of solitude, wrote his rapturous elegies on Vienna, the city of his dreams.

From the higher parts of the suburb of Döbling one can recognise the peaks of the Lower Carpathians, the Schneeberg and the Ötscher. To realise the whole charm of the surroundings of Vienna, you must see it from the heights of the Kahlenberg. There you will understand how the city has really grown into its natural framework and how its Cathedral and many towers, the river, the mountains, the plain and broad horizons have come to form parts of a single whole. This is a picture which never fades from the memories of those who have once seen it.

If one then approaches Vienna from the north, from the direction of Prague or Brünn, the whole city seems to have been swallowed up by the mountains. Then the Wienerwald looks like a great, green and shady creek past which the silver Danube flows, broad and lazy, downstream. Mountains rise up one behind the other, followed closely by the alps in ever-higher ranges.

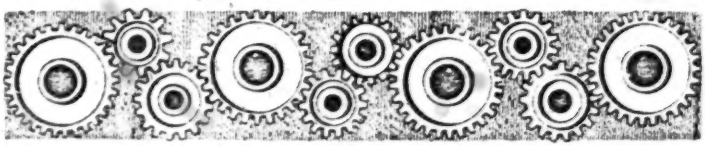
The increase in production resulting from all these measures was bound to increase the difficulties of marketing during the slump. In pig-raising it at last became necessary to resort to curtailment of output (prohibition of pig-raising for the market). An attempt was also made to increase the costs of cattle-rearing and thus limit the supply by raising the so-calledli cence fee for the import of fodder.

As a stimulant of milk production, a milk-equalisation fund was created to content with sales difficulties, through which the means for the export of dairy products at prices below production costs were raised by the imposition of a tax on fresh milk.

Thus it came about that in the 1930s Austrian products such as standard butter, high grades of cheese and cream could compete successfully on the markets with the dairy products of such leading countries as Denmark, Switzerland and Holland. The western alpine provinces especially profited by this arrangement, but at the same time a great demand was created for home milk products throughout the whole country. Gradually, in the Danube City which has been known from Roman times for its enjoyment of sweet wines, depôts were established where milk could be drunk in the busy streets and on public squares, giving the City a new attraction.

The doubtless necessary encouragement of dairy farming, just at this time, however, brought with it new problems which were aggravated by the effect of the world economic depression. The situation was made worse by the fact that the prices for agricultural and dairy products had sunk far lower than the prices for technical aids to agriculture. The discrepancy between these two sets of prices became still greater from 1933 to 1937. The comparative fixity of wages and the increase in public debts accompanied by sinking prices were not inconsiderable factors in bringing about general deterioration.

Problems of agrarian policy were bound to have a reaction on industrial-commercial economics. Austrian products had to compete with those of countries which had the advantage of considerably lower agricultural prices and thus of a lower cost of living. For a land such as Austria, which in the main can only secure the goods she needs through the export of her own products, it is essential that wages, an important factor in costs, should not be affected too unfavourably by the high price of grain.



265

on entry of a newcomer was: "Kann er was?" ("Can he do anything?") To this circle belonged Schwind, Schnorr, Bauernfeld, Lachner and others.

The Prater restaurants are peculiar to Vienna. Some of them rank as "noble establishments" because of their higher prices. Prosperity first came to them when the "Blumenkorso" was instituted in biedermeier times. When people are happy, they generally behave well; in Vienna the contrast between grinding poverty and great luxury is not so sharply defined as in most other cities. The Vienna Prater offers happiness, recreation and comfort to all classes. An ice-cream at the Eisvogel, a cup of coffee in the Sacher Pavilion or a bite at the Lusthaus was always within the reach of many.

On the left hand side of the main avenue of the Prater, coming from the City, you see one coffee house after another. What the poet Adalbert Stifter wrote of them in 1844 is still true: "From each of them comes the strains of music. Under the trees are many thousands of seats filled with people in their best clothes. There is a laughing, a talking, a clinking of glasses, and before the eyes of the crowds the elegant carriages roll along the avenue, which stretches away with no end as far as the eye can see."

●275 Vienna is very well off for cafés. It was from Vienna that coffee set forth on its conquest of the world. In 1683, after the city had been liberated from the Turks, large quantities of coffee beans were discovered which the invaders had left behind.

The Pole Kolschitzky, who had done valuable work during the siege, was presented with the strange beans as a reward. In a house which was placed at his disposal for the purpose he opened the first coffee house called "Zur blauen Flasche".

Vienna has always cherished the old Arabic saying to the effect that coffee must be black as night, sweet as love and hot as Hell. Coffee house life sprang quickly and definitely into being. To the question

275

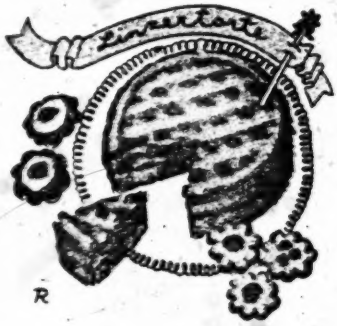
"where?" the Viennese soon had no other answer than "in the coffee house!"

"Where can I speak to you?" "From where can I pick you up by car?" "Where can I play cards—or billiards?" "Where can I dodge a curtain lecture?" "Where is the latest news to be found?" "Where can I start a club?"—The Viennese answer to each is "in the café". In course of time every class and group acquired its own coffee house. There were cafés for young men, artists, pensioners, ladies, bohemians and many others.

In the café lies illusion, and the smallest illusion is capable of making the Viennese happy. Coffee has actually become the favourite drink of the Viennese since 1683. It is a drink which they know how to prepare deliciously at home as well. The Vienna coffee house has developed in so many directions and become so unique that it has become almost an article of export—the Vienna "Stammcafé!"

275 ●
275
272

You are not limited to ordering an ordinary cup of black coffee. Far from it. For the initiated there is a whole catalogue of variants. There is black coffee with or without whipped cream, the "Einspänner", the "Melange", the "Kapuziner" a "cup of gold" or a "cup of nut-brown" coffee. With these a "Kipfel" may be eaten to bring out the flavour. A glass of water is always served at the same time and the glass is refilled gratis innumerable times when the customer has ceased to order anything to be put on the bill. You sit at a small, marble-topped table, surrounded by well-dressed people. In the café as on the street outside, the picture is lively and colourful. If you wish to read there are any amount of newspapers and magazines available, as well as fashion journals and art periodicals. Just by ordering a cup of "Melange" and a "Kipfel" you acquire the right to sit there for hours if you will.



Franz Schubert, who could not do without coffee, often made it for himself at

275
272

home, humorously naming his small hand coffeegrinder the home of his Holy Spirit. He swore that the best ideas and tones came to him through the monotonous noise of grinding coffee beans, instancing his D-minor-quartette. Beethoven's approved recipe for coffee was sixty beans to a cup.

After a time, chocolate was also served in the coffee houses. When Fernando Cortez landed in Mexico in 1519, he came across the drink of the native inhabitants. This was served ceremoniously in golden cups at the court of Montezuma, the last of the Aztec rulers. The doctors of Europe were of divided opinion concerning the cocoa bean, its oponents being in the minority in Vienna. In 1694 the Vienna Professor Rauch was bold enough to criticise chocolate unfavourably. As a result he lost his position and his book was destroyed. The Viennese stand no nonsense when a culinary addition is called in question.

The lemonade booths were a later development. They were most in demand of course in the summer months and were well supported by women. They were tents set up in public squares where lemonade, "almond milk" and ice-creams were sold. They sprang up on the Graben and Am Hof, on the Bastei, at the Kärntnertor and on the Neuer Markt. In good weather they were sometimes patronised—lover's whispers on summer nights and by bright moonlight—until the dawn.

273 For the men there were wine-cellars and "Heurige". Austrians drink more than some other races because they eat more, but they are no drunkards. At